

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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No. 4.

SUMMER WEATHER.

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

Across the fields of ripening grain
The smiles of summer light are glancing,
And on the river's silver breast
The shadowing trees are dancing.
As the sun sets, water flows
The little stream, and sigh, and quiver,
And dip their snowy finger-tips
Into the sweetly singing river.

The humming-birds, in rainbow sheen,
Drink nectar from the fragrant clover,
And from the vale the meadow-lark
Is calling for his mate; let us
The sun's skin, and river's song,
And music of the woodland thrushes,
Recall the hour when first I kissed
From my love's cheek the tell-tale blushes.

Heaven bless the time our vows were given
To walk the path of life together,
Through all the shades of wind and storm,
A many miles of summer weather.
The stars bore witness to our pledge,
And bowed their crowns of golden glory,
As though 'twere something new to hear,
From lover's lips, the old, old story.

Full twenty years have come and gone,
And brought us tears as well as pleasure.
What matters it, still we stand
More dear, and closer, than before.
Sing thrushes! let your songs mine,
Blended in union together,
Rehearse the sweetness of to-day,
The splendor of this summer weather.

FACE TO FACE;

OR,

SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GREALD," "TWICE
WOK," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 5, Vol. 44.
Readers may now be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct
from this office.]

CHAPTER IV.

DESPAIR.

When Herbert Benson recovered consciousness he was lying on the damp turf, and alone. It must have been a long interval, for the gray, cold dawn was breaking over Lansdown Hill, and the birds were chirruping gaily. The shock of Mr. Lowe's communication must have been severe, indeed, to have produced such an effect upon a strong man like Herbert, who, in all his life long, could never remember having fainted before.

He crawled to his feet, and looked about him dreamily. He had a feeling of great weakness and oppression, but, so far, he could not recollect why. Finally, the tide of painful memories set in, and burying his head in his hands, he sobbed like a child.

"Poor Milly!" he sighed; "and the worst of it is, she must never know, or the horror would kill her. I must try and wean her love from me utterly, and allow her to believe that I have become a shameless reprobate suddenly. This is my only chance, and so good-bye to happiness, and honor, and domestic joys. The more wicked I grow, the better for her."

He rose, and gloomily and slowly wended his way homeward.

When he came to a little cottage at the end of the road, he paused and knocked.

"Come in!" said a shrill, aged voice; and Herbert entered.

A woman, bent nearly double with age, but with a shrewd face, and keen eye, was stooping in front of the grate, blowing the fire she had just kindled into a warm blaze.

She turned as Herbert entered, and surveyed him with evident surprise.

"Dear heart! Master Herbert, what brings you here at this hour?"

"I wanted to ask you a few questions, Nannie."

"A hundred, if you like; only let me get my kettle on, first; I am a poor creature always, until I have a cup of tea. And maybe you'll take one with me? It will feel like old times, when I nursed you, Master Herbert, until, often-times, I was ready to drop."

"You were very good to me Nannie, I know."

"La! I looked on you as if you was my own, Master Herbert."

"I am sure you did; and I had no mother."

"Ah! your mother died in these very arms; and a sore heartache carried about with her for many a long day before, it's my thinking, though I never heard so much as a murmur pass her lips. She had a high spirit, and that kept her up, and made her smile, often when she was ready to cry; but I could see, if nobody else could, how heavy her trouble weighed on her. She died as quiet as a child going to sleep, and just as thankful for the rest."

"It was a pity I was ever born," said Herbert.

"Nay, my dear, don't say that."

"If I had died with her——"

The old woman turned sharp round, and looked at him keenly.

"Have you and Miss Milly had a quarrel?"

"No. What makes you think so?"

"You don't seem in the best of spirits this morning, Master Herbert, and I know that young folks, when they are souring, do have a tiff occasionally."

"Milly is a sweet, good girl," said Herbert, and shuddered convulsively as



"Father," he whispered, shudderingly. "Well?" "Look there!" He pointed with one trembling finger to a knot of trees.

the words passed through his trembling lips.

"Has she given you up, then?"

"There is not the smallest chance of our being married."

"The old man holds out still?"

"The old man is right, Nannie."

Nannie stared at him, as if she thought he must be dreaming.

"I thought you were so rancorous against him awhile back?"

"I am, still. I believe him to be a cold-hearted, cruel man—one who fawns over the rich, and despises the poor."

His voice was so full of pain, that the old woman wondered more and more, and her curiosity became uncontrollable. "What is it that stands between you and Miss Milly, my dear?" she said.

"Nanny," said Herbert, fiercely, "will you swear to me that you know nothing which should part us?"

"La! Master Herbert, what should part you, supposing Mr. Lowe was willing?"

"Don't put me off, Nannie. I am prepared for anything, and I would rather have the truth."

"But I don't know nothing to tell."

Nannie had her tea ready by this time, and poured him out a cup.

"You look right down bad, Master Herbert," she said, affectionately. "Do take a cup to warm you."

"I am not cold."

"But you are ill."

"Well, a little."

"And there's something wrong, Master Herbert."

"There's a deal wrong; and the worst of it is, it can never be made right."

"Perhaps there's no need to trouble yourself, after all. Folks do tell such stories sometimes."

"But they don't speak ill of themselves, unless they are quite obliged."

"It depends," answered the old woman, shrewdly. "If there was something to be gained by blackening themselves, they might. As far as I'm concerned, I would rather take away any one else's character than my own."

Herbert was silent for a minute, and then he said:

"You remember my mother before she married, do you not?"

"Just as well as I remember myself."

"Now, Nannie, tell me, in truth, just as plainly as if I weren't her son, was she a good woman?"

"She was always good to me," answered old Nannie, evasively.

"Yes, yes; I don't mean that kind of goodness. Was she religious?"

"She went to church on Sundays."

"And led an upright life?" inquired her son, eagerly, and yet reluctantly, too.

"Well, if I am to speak the truth, there was nothing the matter with her but her temper, and that was bitter, Master Herbert. But, as I said before, she was always kind to me, and she'd had such troubles in her time, it wasn't much wonder she was rather sour."

"What troubles?" asked Herbert, under his breath.

"Well, disappointments, and so forth."

"You don't tell me the kind of disappointments?"

"She was crossed in love."

"Ah!" said Herbert, in a stifled voice.

"And she didn't want Mr. Benson no more than I wanted him, only her friends persuaded her it would be a good thing."

"Have you and Miss Milly had a quarrel?"

"No. What makes you think so?"

"You don't seem in the best of spirits this morning, Master Herbert, and I know that young folks, when they are souring, do have a tiff occasionally."

"Milly is a sweet, good girl," said Herbert, and shuddered convulsively as

"Do you think Mr. Lowe ever cared for her?"

"Not he, Master Herbert, saving your presence. He is not the kind of a man to care for any one but himself, and never was."

"Nanny," said Herbert, slowly and hesitatingly, "do you think he would ever have married my mother?"

"Just as soon as he would have married me."

"Then you don't believe it was likely?"

The old woman laughed scornfully.

"He was just the last man in the world to do anything generous. He was willing enough to draw your mother on, making her think it would all come right; but he never meant to have her from the very beginning, you may be sure."

"I hate that man!"

"Well, Master Herbert, you aren't singular there. There's a many have said they wondered enough at his having such a pretty, gentle-spoken daughter as Miss Milly."

"Ah, poor Milly!"

"She's a sweet young woman, Master Herbert; and he'd be a lucky man who gets her—which man I hope will be you."

"I tell you what, dearie, things are often hard to bear at the time, but the pain goes off if you are patient. I dare say you feel very bad now, but you'll get over it."

Herbert shook his head.

"All the young folks think that," continued old Nannie. "When I laid my children in the grave, and only one was left me out of them all, and he far away, I thought that the sooner the Lord was pleased to take me the better; and yet, you see, I am well and hearty now, and willing to live as long as I can."

Herbert sighed as he said: "Such cases are terrible, no doubt; but if Milly were dead, I should grieve less than I grieve now."

"You don't know. There's no coming back from that land, Master Herbert."

The young man covered his eyes for a minute with his hand.

"I feel desperate," he said. "I wish some one would take my life, and make an end of me."

"There, be off home," said old Nannie, petulantly. "You talk so wicked you take all the flavor out of my tea."

"Good morning, Nannie."

"Good morning, Master Herbert; and I hope you will not be so disconsolate the next time you pay me a visit."

CHAPTER V.

THE GHOST.

"Whist! Nat," said old Mark, as he stood at the door examining the night, "can't you keep your tongue still a minute?"

Old Mark had conquered his scruples by this time. The shock of Flax's death and the vivid dream which had followed had soothed him for a few days, and made him almost decide to give up poaching. But, as day faded, this impression seemed to fade also, and night found him more eager than ever.

Flax's disappearance had been the talk of the village, but no one somehow seemed to think that he had been killed.

Some of the spiteful women, who envied poor Flax his fine, honest husband—declared that he had forsaken his wife and little ones, and gone abroad to rid himself of the burden of their maintenance.

Others said he was on a drinking bout in the neighboring town, and would creep home, stupefied, after he had slept off his intoxication.

Both of these assertions his widow emphatically negated.

"I could trust my James anywhere and everywhere," she said. "I never had to be ashamed of him for a single minute ever since we married, and you won't make me believe he'd desert me and the children without a word. No, depend upon it, he has met foul play."

"But what should have happened to him?" asked a neighbor.

"There are plenty of poachers about," said Mrs. Flax, in a significant tone, "and my husband did his duty too well to be a favorite. I shall keep a good watch, you may depend, and if I find out anything, woe betide them, that is all."

And that night, when the clock had

"Now, Master Herbert, you know it's ridiculous talking like that."

"Not at all. I warn you not to be surprised at anything you hear. I am nearly tired of my life, Nannie."

Old Nannie looked at him compassionately.

"I tell you what, dearie, things are often hard to bear at the time, but the pain goes off if you are patient. I dare say you feel very bad now, but you'll get over it."

Herbert shook his head.

"All the young folks think that," continued old Nannie. "When I laid my children in the grave, and only one was left me out of them all, and he far away, I thought that the sooner the Lord was pleased to take me the better; and yet, you see, I am well and hearty now, and willing to live as long as I can."

Herbert shook his head.

"It's Lansdown Wood safe, father?"

"You're a fool, Nat!" said old Mark, testily. "Who said anything about Lansdown Wood?"

The old man shuddered so violently as he spoke that the tree against which his hand rested shook its branches as if a sudden wind had passed by.

"No, no, no Lansdown Wood," he muttered. "There's more places than one."

"Only the game is scarce elsewhere, father."

"We must take our chance. Joe had a fine bag at Waverly last night."

"Not single."

"Don't you count for anything?" asked old Mark.

"It was clear that his troubles hadn't improved his temper, for he spoke irritably enough. But, no doubt, Nat was accustomed to his father's sharp moods, for he took it very quietly, simply saying:

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considerably; "the best way is get it over."

They dashed forward, still close together; Nat wrenched hold of the handle of the door, turned the key, with a shaking hand, and the two men were in the house.

"Not it not," sighed Mark. "I never see the like of that, and I hope to goodness I never may again."

CHAPTER VI.

AN INTRODUCTION TO HIGH COMPANY.

The breakfast party at Oaklands Park included Lady Dacre; her son, a young man within year of his majority; Lady Clementina—the eldest—a handsome, aristocratic-looking woman of about five and twenty; and pretty Lina, the pet of all.

Lord Dacre was out; but as he had always given orders that they should not wait for him, the meal commenced. Lady Dacre was just sweetening Lina's tea, with reference to her expressed desire for plenty of sugar, when his Lordship entered.

His bow was clouded, and instead of giving them a cheery greeting, as usual, he sat down without a word.

Lady Dacre glanced at him furtively from time to time, and seeing him so disturbed, waited for him to speak.

He drank half a cup of coffee, and eat a few mouthfuls, then his brows lightened a little, and the harassed expression of his face mended.

"Amelia," he said, turning to his wife. "Poor Flax has not been found."

"No?" And Lady Dacre looked surprised and pained, both. "What do you think has become of him?"

"I am almost afraid he has been killed."

"Killed? How?"

"By those rascally poachers."

"Surely, my dear, we have no one about here who would do such a thing?"

"I don't know. His disappearance is very mysterious. You remember old Mark?"

"Very well."

"He is the head of the gang, and he has lately been joined by a man named Joe Lay, a thorough ruffian, who would stand at nothing."

"Can't you catch old Mark, and give him a lesson?"

"If you could tell me how, my dear, I should be gratefully obliged to you. I have been wanting to do that for a long while; but he is so cunning, it is quite impossible to get over him."

"Are you quite sure that your keepers are staunch?"

"I have always had reason to suppose so. Poor Flax was the best of the lot, though."

"I cannot help fancying he will be found, after all. Those kind of people often absent themselves when there is a fair, or anything of that sort in the neighborhood; and, after their wives have nearly gone mad from suspense, they come back as quietly as if nothing had happened."

"But Flax is not that kind of man, my dear."

"Still, he might have been led away."

"He might, but it is barely probable. He has always been so steady and well-conducted, and perfectly devoted to his wife and children."

"Only that here instances every day of men who have hitherto led an irreproachable life becoming suddenly perverted."

"True; but there has been no fair in the neighborhood for a long while."

"You don't think he could have joined the poachers?" suggested Lady Clementina.

"My dear child, I really can't believe any harm of him if I try. It strikes me that the poor fellow has met with foul play."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Lina; "I shall never be happy at Oaklands again if you say that."

"My dear child, it is no use shutting our eyes to facts, or we can never remedy them. The best way always is to look an evil in the face bravely."

"But, poor Flax, papa! he was such a nice, good-natured looking man, and he has such a sweet little girl called Mary."

"Then be kind to poor little Mary, Lina; for I am afraid she will need kindness."

"I can't believe but that I shall see his face again."

"We will have the wood searched from end to end this morning. I am only sorry that it was not done before; but I felt so positive he would return."

"Have you seen his wife?" Lady Dacre inquired.

"She was with me half an hour back."

"And what does she say?"

"She is quite certain that her husband has come to an untimely end; and I fancy, from her manner, that she suspects some one connected with this mysterious affair."

"But she won't say who?"

"That would be rather dangerous, my dear, unless she had the proofs in her possession."

"Dangerous or not, I fancy I should be inclined to run that risk under similar circumstances."

"Which would be a greater proof of your affection than of your wisdom," said Lord Dacre, in a tone of indulgent irony, "since, by keeping your suspicions to yourself, you would throw the offender off his guard, and, very likely, make him betray himself. Mary Flax is right; and she seems to me to be an energetic, sensible person; intelligent and far-seeing. I was very much pleased by the way she spoke this morning."

"Does she seem much grieved, papa?" asked sympathetic Lina.

"Well, she is more excited than sorrowful, just now, my child. She feels that she has a great task before her, and nerves herself for it, evidently. She would waste her strength weeping, and, therefore, she will not weep. The reaction will be terrible when it comes; but, unless I have greatly misjudged her, she will not give way until she has found her husband, if he be living, or his destroyer, if he be dead."

"She must be a remarkable woman for her position in life," said Lady Clementina, rather arrogantly. "One hardly expects to find that firmness and self-control in her class."

"And why not?" put in her brother Wilfred, Viscount Oakland, speaking for the first time. "I was never taught that those were aristocratic virtues only."

"Still, you know, when one is educated by a certain standard."

"One becomes accomplished, lady-like, courteous, and all that kind of thing; but one does not necessarily become a woman of conscious will, or firm principle." Wilfred went on.

"You have a better chance of it, 'any how'."

"I don't see that."

"You know I never argue with you, Wilfred."

"But why should you not do so? With all my family connections, you must own that I am entirely just."

"You are just to the peasant, at the expense of the poor."

"You mean in spite of the poor."

"Will you show us how to spend our habits?" said his sister, rather sharply, for the high-breast, calm Lady Clementina.

"The robbery is very simple; think of them more."

"I am sure Lina does nothing else but think of them. When I want her to ride or drive with me of an afternoon, she is always going to see Mrs. This or Mrs. That, or Dame So-and-so. I don't pretend to be so philanthropic myself, and I detest going into poor people's cottages; one drags the edge of one's dress so terribly. Still, I give whatever she asks me, for when her allowance runs short."

"Which it very often does," laughed Lina.

"Then why don't you ask for more, my dear?" said Lord Dacre, looking at his younger daughter, with very loving eyes.

"Because, I have enough."

"For an ordinary young lady, perhaps, but not for a sister of mercy, as it seems Lina has become."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Lina, blushing at his praise. "I am not a sister of mercy, or anything worthy of the name. I pity the poor dreadfully. I think it must be sad to feel want and cold and neglect, and contrasting all this with my own lot, which is so bright and enviable, it is not to be wondered my heart bleeds for these poor creatures sometimes. Still, I do so little."

"According to Clementina's account, you do a great deal?"

"Clementina is partial, you know, papa."

"Perhaps you will go and see Mrs. Flax this afternoon, my love?"

"I had meant to do so, papa, even if you had not asked me."

"That is it. The woman's energy and determination please me; and I think she must stand sorely in need of sympathy and advice just now."

"I will do all I can."

At this minute the door opened, and the butler entered.

"Mr. Carthen, my lord, is waiting to see you in the library."

"Ask him to come in to breakfast, Pierrot. Oh, stop—I'll go myself."

At the sound of this name, both Clementina and Lina had changed countenances visibly. A sudden quick color came into Clementina's face, and receded again, leaving her deathly pale. Lina flushed red to the roots of her hair, and had the good fortune to keep the blush, which embellished her countenance.

Voices were heard in the hall; Lord Dacre's bright and cheery; the other, deep-toned, grave and quiet. In another second, the two men came in together; and Lord Dacre motioned his guest into the vacant seat at Lady Clementina's side.

The blush came back to Clementina's face; and this time it stopped.

Mr. Carthen was a tall, fine-looking man, of about thirty; a patrician to his finger-ends, and yet a person of kindly instincts, and a true sense of justice.

His estate adjoined Lord Dacre's and was nearly of the same size. Of course, it had always been a favorite speculation amongst the villagers, as to which of Lord Dacre's daughters Mr. Carthen would marry; for that he would marry one or the other, had long ago been decided amongst them all.

The general opinion was that he would do well to choose Lina, although the difference in their ages was considerable.

"Nonsense! I have known Mr. Carthen ever since he was a baby, and don't see why I should mind saying anything before him."

"Only that you will give him such mistaken notions, papa," faltered Lina.

"Surely we have had enough of the subject," said Lady Clementina, haughtily.

"Lina always fancied sweet simplicity."

"But I had a passion for diamonds a little while back. Don't you remember, Clementina?"

"I cannot remember your saying so, ever."

"Is that really the case, Lina?"

"No, papa; not exactly. I always liked a fresh-looking dress of a morning; and really and truly, not feeling the cold, I had forgotten that this was hardly the thing for the time of year."

"And you have some of your allowance left?"

Lina glanced towards Mr. Carthen, as if to stop such a discussion before him. But the earl took her up at once.

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"But I had a passion for diamonds a little while back. Don't you remember, Clementina?"

"I cannot remember your saying so, ever."

"Oh, yes; I often used to tell you how much I should like to have a set of diamonds like the Duchess of London's."

"Diamonds and cambric muslin!" said Lady Clementina, scornfully.

Lina glanced at her sister, and could hardly understand her. Usually, she was gentle, if cold; but this morning she seemed strange and bitter—almost cruel.

Of course Lina did not know her painful secret. Her own happiness would have been marred if she had had consciousness that her sister coveted the love it was plain to see that she possessed.

The earl finished his breakfast and proclaimed himself ready; Mr. Carthen rose at the same time.

"The horses are at the door, I see," said Lord Dacre. "I sent for two constables to go with us. I thought it best, in case of finding any clue."

"I do, indeed. I am more grieved about him than I can describe. I wanted to consult with you as to what should be done."

"I have ordered them to search Lansdown Wood this morning."

"I am afraid you will not find him there, my lord. If he were alive, he would crawl home, somehow; if he is dead, he will have been put out of the way."

"You think that he is dead, then, too?"

"I fear as much. If he were a man of different character, I might find a dozen solutions of the mystery. As it is, I incline to the belief that he has been foully dealt with, and his body disposed of in some way."

"To whom should you attribute this outrage?"

"To the poachers. The poor fellow was out that night, I am told, and spoke with one of my keepers about twelve o'clock. He has never been seen since."

"I thought, my lord, you and I ought to join in the search, as our lands being so close, he was protecting mine in protecting yours. I should also be glad to do whatever you think right for the widow."

Lina's eyes quickly uplifted, beamed soft approval. Mr. Carthen perceived this, perhaps, for there was a smile on his lips when he turned towards Lord Dacre, awaiting his reply.

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Carthen. It is my place, and also yours, to take this matter up. It would be as well if we accompanied the searching party this morning."

"I think so—if it would not be inconveniently troubling your lordship too much. In that case, I can go alone."

"Nay, you shall not do that."

"I should be glad to go," said Wilfred.

"But why should you not do so? With all my family connections, you must own that I am entirely just."

"You are just to the peasant, at the expense of the poor."

"I am not to the poor," said Lina, excitedly. "For he has been there nearly two nights and a day."

"Lina, you will no longer be self-approached unbecoming, if you speak like that," her father said, with an expression of great pain.

"I fear I have been very remiss."

"That was what I was saying to myself as I came along," said Mr. Carthen.

"But why should you not do so? With all my family connections, you must own that I am entirely just."

"You are just to the peasant, at the expense of the poor."

"I am not to the poor," said Lina, with a boldness her mother felt inclined to condemn.

"And mean while you are perishing," said Mr. Carthen.

"I am not the poor man," said Lina.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SAW-SAW.

BY R. M.

Sickness and health have been having a game with me, treating me just like a ball, to and fro; Pleasure and pain have been doing the same.

Treating me simply like something to throw. Joy took me up to the clouds for a holiday, in a balloon that she happens to keep; Then, as a damp upon her jolly day, Grief, in her diving-bell, took me down deep.

Poverty came pretty early—had luck to her! Truly she makes an affectionate wife, I, like a fool, have been faithful, and stuck to them all—

She'll stick to me for the rest of my life, As for our children (I wish we had drowned them all)—

Those regards as the worst of my life; How can you wonder to hear me say?

Seeing that most of those children are Billies?

Hope, who was once an occasional visitor, Never looks in on us now for a chat. Memory comes, though—the cruel inquisitor! (Not that I feel much the better for it!) Hope was always a good girl, denying it; Her tales are decidedly bad.

Yet I confess that I like, after trying it, Hope's conversation the best of the two.

JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 37. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsletters throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER LI.

THE END OF THE STORY.

Mighty death! Thou double-visaged shadow! Only judge— Rightfullest arbiter. —Skelly.

Doris Carlyon herself was the first to recover her equanimity after the awkward *contretemps* of Muriel's appearance in the ball-room. There were many there who had known her at the time of the Royal Academy *fiasco*, and who remembered Jasper's illness and her own sudden flight from England at the time, and there were many more who had gossiped over the more recent scandal in which her name and his had figured, and did not wonder at the wife's madness and her terrible words.

"She is mad, poor thing," she repeated to those around her, for the dancing had stopped and the guests had congregated around their hostess in wild affright. "But she is harmless, I hear, and my cousin, Mr. Dorner, will see her safely bestowed. Pray go on; I assure you there is no danger."

And so, smiling and entreating, she passed from one to another, and at length succeeded in restoring a little confidence among the dancers and in persuading them to resume their dancing, and then her own self-control began to give way.

"I must not faint or go into hysterics," she said to herself, "with all these people looking at me, and I shall if I don't get away a minute."

Her partner for the next dance came up at the moment, and she begged him with a smile to let her off.

"I'll be forever grateful to you," she said, "if you'll cover my retreat, instead of insisting on the Lancasters."

"Certainly, if you would rather not dance," he said, somewhat stiffly.

"I would rather not. I want to find my cousin, and see what he has done with that poor creature. Besides, I am a little upset, and I want a minute's quiet. Scatter to the door with me, and then leave me. I'll pay you with two dances by-and-by, if you want them."

He did her bidding—as who did not?—and no one noticed that Miss Carlyon had left the room except Mrs. Bellew, who asked her where she was going.

"Only away for a breath of air and a little quiet, auntie," she replied.

"Find Ernest, my dear, if you can," the old lady said. "He has something to say to you."

"I'll let him find me if he wants me," she retorted, as she passed on. "Tell him I am in the drawing-room; there's no one there."

The drawing-room, where the much-talked-of picture hung, was empty, and Doris passed in there. It had been her will to have it just as it was, that parties heated with dancing might stroll in through the open windows, if they so chose, and rest themselves on its luxuriously couches and chairs.

By-and-by it would be echoing with passing feet and merry voices; now there was no one there. The portrait stood out in the softened light of the lamps, which seemed to give to its weird whiteness and crimson splashes a shimmering tremor that made it look alive.

"It is a ghastly picture," Doris said to herself, as she sank wearily on one of the soft *fauteuils*. "I'll have it taken away."

Something stirred near her in the shadow of the window-curtain, and she started up with look of horror in her eyes, that darkened and deepened with awful intensity as she recognized what she gazed upon.

Ernest Dorner could not see where Muriel went; she did not turn back and make straight for the house, as he expected she would, but ran on towards the park. He pursued her for a little way, but he could neither see nor hear her footsteps, and he turned back to give the alarm and have her searched for.

He saw as he passed the windows of the ball room that she had not returned there. The dancing was going on with spirit, and no sign of an intruder was visible among the gay throng.

"I must warn the servants," he said to himself, and went round to the side door.

As he did so, the sound of wheels came crunching over the gravel, and a vehicle stopped from the door.

Ernest Dorner forgot all about Muriel and her madness, and the probable mischief she might do, when he heard the voices of the men he had left at Rugby, inquiring for Doris in the hall. There was time, he thought. He might save her yet, and he rushed through the passages to the ball room, finding Mrs. Bellew in the place where he had left her.

"Where is Doris?" he asked, in a choking voice.

"In the drawing-room. Why, what has happened?"

"They are here!" She knew what he meant by "they," and sank back in her seat with a low moan, while Ernest sprang across the room, to the great bewilderment and confusion of the dancers, who thought certainly he must be mad or drunk.

Through the window was the nearest way, and through he went and looked in.

He did not see her, and softly called "Doris," uncertain who else might be there, and at the instant he heard a terrible, agonized scream, and some one running violently out ran full against him, and they fell to the ground together.

Instinctively he grasped the person by the collar, thinking it was a thief, and held him as in a vice. The man struggled violently to free himself, but it was of no avail. Ernest Dorner in his college days had thrashed bargees, and held his own in many a town and gown fight, besides being stroke of the university eight, and the most enduring athlete of his time. Whoever it was he had no chance, and was kept down till other hands came to help to secure him.

Meanwhile the men were parleying in the hall with the porter.

"It's quite impossible," he said, decidedly but civilly. "My mistress can see no one to-night on any business whatever. You can see for yourself that she cannot, without talking any more about it."

"She'll see me, I guess," said Septimus Luker, coolly.

"She must see me," the detective added. "We are here in the name of the law, and you dare not oppose us."

"I don't know you, and I shall not let you in," the porter said, doggedly. "I have my orders, and I must obey them."

"And I have my orders, and they must be obeyed," the officer said. "Call your mistress out to speak to us, or it will be worse for her and for you."

"Aye, call her out," Mr. Luker said, coarsely, "unless you want to see her arrested for murder before the whole ball room."

"For what?"

"For murder! We've come to arrest her. That's the programme," said Luker, who appeared to have been drinking. "Oh, you needn't gape at us like that. It's all square. We've got a warrant, and mean to collar the reward."

"Hush!" said the detective, with a look of disgust on his face, while Anthony Collier spoke quietly to the frightened porter.

"It's all true, my man. You had better let us pass in quietly, and then tell her mistress. The thing may be managed without all the people knowing anything about it if you only keep your head. Don't stare like that, but fetch me."

The man rose slowly from his seat, and opened the door of a small parlor.

"Step in here," he said, "and I'll go. Heaven send this is a bad dream, and that I shall wake out of it. It can't be true."

"It is true. You'll wake to the reality of it by and by, when you see her driven off with us," said Luker. "Make haste, my man. Gracious heaven! What's that?"

A woman's scream, appalling in its horror, ringing through the empty passages, rising high above the music and the sound of feet in the ball room.

"Something has happened," said the detective. "Where is it?" for the sound of the had seemed to come from close to where they stood.

"It is my mistress' voice," the man said, his face ashy white. "She must be in the drawing-room."

He pushed open the huge folding doors that shut in the hall, and went into the lobby, on which one door of the drawing room opened. The others followed him and burst open the doors just as a rush of terrified dancers from the ball room appeared at the windows.

Muriel Onslow lay insensible on the floor, and Doris Carlyon stood in a strange cramped attitude by the marble table right under the picture of her that he had painted.

Ernest was the first to see him, and he caught him up and consigned him to one of the servants.

"Take him away and keep him away, for heaven's sake," he said. "Such a sight is enough to make an idiot of him for life."

The little incident recalled him to the reality of what seemed a hideous dream. All was confusion, and no one knew what to do. There was nobody but him to take the command of the frightened household or to restore order amongst the bewildered crowd of terrified guests, who were rushing out of the Grange in any way they could, carriages being seized and appropriated by any one who could get hold of them, and the utmost confusion prevailed.

In an hour he had restored something like tranquility. The drawing-room was locked up with what lay there composed of awful stillness on a couch; the detective and Septimus Luker had driven off with Ralph Rutherford, and Mrs. Bellew was recovering from her hysterics and fainting-fit under the doctor's charge in her own room.

He had quieted the servants, most of whom wanted to rush out of the house when and there, with a few sharp, decisive words, promising that they should all be paid and go on the morrow if they chose, but that they must be quiet now and do what they could to restore order and quiet to the house.

They lifted her up and laid her on a sofa. She was not dead, but dying fast; they were powerless to avert the catastrophe, and Septimus Luker looked on with baleful eyes.

"She's done it herself," he said, "to break the law."

Doris heard the coarse speech, and shook her head faintly. She turned her eyes to where Muriel had been placed, still insensible, and Anthony Collier answered her look.

"She didn't do it?"

"No," faintly said the white lips; and the detective whispered:

"I think she did, from all I've heard. She came here on purpose."

One of Doris' guests was her family doctor, and he came bent over her with tears in his eyes.

"It is no use," he said, quietly. "Nothing can be done. Before you can get any one else here the end will come. Better use your energies to find the man who did the deed."

He was found already. Even as the good old man spoke Ernest Dorner and two others dragged him in through the window. Rough and ragged, unshaven, and gaunt with days of privation, with the weapon in his hand and the blood of his victim on his clothes, he stood revealed in the light of the lamps, a hideous object—the man had created such a commotion, and whose child was even now at Kingcole, the petted favorite of the woman who was dying by his hand.

"You here?" he said, in astonishment.

"Yes, I'm here," he replied, quietly. "I thought I might be of use, and I think I have been. She's safe."

"She? Who?"

"Mrs. Onslow."

"Where?" asked Ernest Dorner, springing up, with a great load lifted off his mind.

"In the supper room. No one seemed

"Wife?"

The word was echoed from many lips, and he repeated it with a scornful laugh.

"Yes, wife!" he said. "My wife, Teresa Scavoni, the peasant girl, who took me for a rich man, and stabbed him as I have stabbed her when she could get nothing more from him. I swore to get revenge. She banished me for a long time; my time has come now."

"Take him away, for heaven's sake,"

"Doris," uncertain who else might be there, and at the instant he heard a terrible, agonized scream, and some one running violently out ran full against him, and they fell to the ground together.

"Doris," he whispered, "speak to me—only one word. Who is that man?"

"My husband."

The answer was distinct enough, though no one but those close around her heard it.

"And is his story true?"

"Yes, it is true," she said, in the same distinct tone, rather sharper than before, for to speak the words was her last effort of life.

Almost with them on her lips, the shapely head, with its coronal of flowers, all crushed and broken now, fell back on the arm that held it, and the story of Teresa Scavoni was told with Doris Carlyon's ended life.

CHAPTER LII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Small service is true service while its lasts; Of friends, however humble, soon not ones; —Wordsworth.

No one thought of the child in the terrible confusion of those awful moments. The little fellow had stayed up very late, and had been allowed to see the guests and to be petted and flattered to his heart's content.

"I don't know much about it," Anthony Collier said, "but I think she's very ill. We must have a doctor."

"There's one in the house," said Ernest.

"Ah!" in fits, and all that sort of things, of course, "was the grim reply. "That's natural. But don't you know if you were to see the old lady and tell her that her help was wanted here, it would do her more good than all the harsh-toned and doctor's stuff in the world."

"I'll try it," said Ernest. "Anyway, I'll bring the doctor."

In five minutes he had roused Mrs. Bellew from her prostration by the news that Muriel was in the house very ill; in five more she was standing by his side in the supper room, very much frightened, but able to be of use and help.

The doctor came, and looked the fiddle, nor discriminate between "God save the Queen" and somebody's symphony in A minor. A man may not sing for a woman either, and yet have music—have a good deal of soul-music. The man we mean has a heart with no chords to it, and a mind without any keys. Very probably he is extremely sensible; he can count you up in columns of figures without hesitation. He knows what he ought to pay for beef a pound, and what should be the price of coal; but if you make a joke, he inquires blandly, "Is that an actual fact, and what are your reasons for thinking so?" He can laugh when some one tumbles down, or bumps his head against a post; but he must have his cause for merriment in some such palpable form to comprehend it. As for sentiment, or romance, or poetry, he leaves those for people he considers idiots. He never falls in love—not he, but his wife is dreadfully miserable, and blames herself for it because she has no cause.

You can't touch that man. You can't reproach him; you cannot make him feel the woes of others; he gives a certain amount yearly to public charities, but he never gave a beggar a penny in his life. He never gave a child a loving kiss, though he offers a religiously formal touch of his cold lips on proper occasions, such as meeting after a journey, to his wife and offspring. He goes to his friends' funerals in solemn black, and invariably speaks well of the departed; but he eats as heartily a dinner after it as usual, and never sheds a tear.

I hate the man without music. I'd rather have to do with the most reckless creature of impulse—the man with many strings and chords and notes to his mind that, unskillfully played on, there is sometimes discord; the man who wants to sit down in that house, and there upon a velvet lounge, the place of honor where Doris Carlyon was to have sat, lay Muriel Onslow, white and insensible still, but breathing, her fair hair falling round her face like a glory. She looked inexplicably lovely and peaceful.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



LITTLE GLUCK OF TREASURE VALLEY.
THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

BY J. BUSKIN.

(Commenced in No. 1, Volume 34.)

CHAPTER VII.

MR. HANS' EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND THE RESULT THEREOF.

The King of the Golden River had hardly made his extraordinary exit, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over poor little Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which period they fell into a couple of chairs and requested to know again what had become of the gold plate they had given him to melt, and what he had to say for himself generally. Little Gluck told them his strange story, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again until their arms were tired, and at last exhausted, they staggered off to bed. In the morning, however, after they had become sobered, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story seemed to obtain him some degree of belief on their part; the immediate consequence of which was that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question which of them should try his fortune first, seeing that but one could make the attempt, and being unable to settle amicably which should have precedence of the other, in great rage drew their swords and began fighting.

The noise of the quarrel alarmed the neighbors, who, finding they could not settle the dispute and pacify them, sent for the constable. On the arrival of that officer, however, Hans contrived to escape, and hid himself, but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and having spent his last penny for drink the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay the fine.

When Hans heard this he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question—knowing, from the bad life he had led, that he could not obtain it the proper way; he slipped in to vespers in the evening for the first time, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took a large staff in his hand, and thus provided, set off for the mountains. On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked up, at one of the windows, whom should he see peeping out but Schwartz himself, and looking very disconsolate indeed.

"Good morning," said Hans, mockingly, "do you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back, marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for; but Hans' eyes and thoughts were fixed on that alone, and forgetting the long distance he had to go, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of hills; and on surmounting which, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he was greatly surprised to find that a large and dangerous glacier lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He was soon compelled to abandon his basket, as it impeded his progress; and, after crossing the glacier with great difficulty, his way lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot or so much as a bush to give an inch of shade from the south sun, the rays of which, it being now past noon, beat down intensely upon the steep path. Intense thirst was soon added to the great fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glancing after him, he cast on the flask of holy water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he. "I may at least cool my lips."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his mouth, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him. He thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry and its limbs extended, but its eyes eagerly followed the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He spurned the animal with his foot, drank, and passed on.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment, and the water, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. Another hour passed, and he again sought the flask at his side. It was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again as he did so something moved in his path. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its eyes closed, its breast heaving, and its lips parched and burning with thirst.

Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on, and as he did so a dark cloud passed over the sun and long snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain side. Hans struggled on; the goal he sought was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River scarce five hundred feet above him, and he sprang on to complete his task. At this moment a faint cry fell on his ear; he turned and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his thin arms out to Hans, and cried feebly. "Water! I am dying!"

"I have none for thee," replied Hans; "besides, thou hast had the share of life," and he strode over the prostrate body and darted eagerly on.

And as he did so a flash of lightning shone through over the whole heaven, and left it dark, with one heavy, impenetrable shade.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans' ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves

were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook their gilded crests like tongues of fire; their sounds came mightier and mightier on Hans' senses; his brain grew dizzy with fear as there came a great peal which sounded like prolonged thunder.

Shuddering, he drew forth the flask, and hurled it into the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, missed his footing, gave an awful shriek and fell. The waters closed over his cry and silenced it forever, and the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night as it rushed over a black stone.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. SCHWARTZ'S EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROPERED.

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans' return from the Golden River. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should now have all the gold to himself. But poor little Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning there was no bread in the house, nor money to buy any, so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together not only to buy all he needed, but to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it to the magistrate, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have a little of the river, but little Gluck only begged that he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now, when Schwartz heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and might have had something to do with Hans' failure to succeed in an expedition which promised such gain. So determining to manage matters better, he took some more of the money which little Gluck had worked so hard to save, and went to a dishonest custodian, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz, being very sure it was all right, got up early the next morning before the sun rose, and taking some bread and wine in a basket, and the water in a flask, set off for the mountains. Like Hans, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless but not bright; there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy.

As Schwartz climbed the steep rock-path the thirst came upon him as it had upon his brother, until he raised his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried piteously and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed!" said Schwartz, "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on.

And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black clouds rising out of the west, and when he had climbed for another hour, the thirst overcame him again. As he was about to sink, he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water, oh, so piteously.

"Water for you?" said Schwartz. "If you wait till you drink of this, you'll be older than you are now"—and on he went.

Then, again, the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and—behold! A mist of the color of blood had come over the sun, and the bank of black clouds had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea.

With the indomitable spirit of avarice, Schwartz walked on for another hour, and again his thirst returned, and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and as he gazed, in fear and astonishment, the figure stretched its arms to him and cried for water. But Schwartz remembered the mocking gestures of his brother, which he had witnessed from the prison bars, and his fear turned to rage and revenge.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Are you there, my boy?" and quoting Hans' own words: "Have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

"Water! water!" begged the figure.

"Water, indeed! So you suppose I carried it all the way up here for you?" and he strode on over the figure. Yet, as he passed, there seemed a strange expression of mocking about its lips.

When he had gone a little distance farther, he looked back, but the strange figure was not to be seen. And now, a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why, but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. The bank of black clouds grew larger, and out of it came bursts of spiny lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between the flashes over the whole heavens; the sky, where the sun was setting, looked like a lake of blood, and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness.

Soon Schwartz stood on the brink of the Golden River, but its waves were black like thunder clouds, their foam was like fire, and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met, as he cast his flask into the stream. As he did so, the lightning glared in his eyes and blinded him, the earth gave way beneath him, and the river's moan rose wildly into the night, as it rushed over black stones.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The man that laughs heartily is a doctor without a diploma. His face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him. Their hands instinctively go half way out to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks in the growling key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him; and you never know what a pleasant world you live in, until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway.

TRUTH is not always won by long and hard toil. A moment's insight is sometimes worth a life's experience.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

BY ROSE E. BURFORD.

Somewhere, they say, across the sea,
There is an unknown strand;
It waits for you and waits for me,
That strand, far-off land.

Let us take it. It is some fairy land
With wings of roses and perfume of sand;
We'll sail across the waters dark
And some day anchor there.

We'll anchor in the pleasant bay:
And, oh! what perfect peace,
All care and sorrows cease!

I've dreamed of that fair land, and yearned
To seek its halcyon shores,
And many a time my eyes have turned
To seek where Life's ocean roars.

To catch some glimpse of sunny hills
Beyond the waters wide,
But though my soul with longing thrills,
All glimpses were denied.

Oh! come with me. The tide is in—
Its ebb shall bear us out,
Beyond the shores of doubt and sin,
To solve its riddle, dim doubt.

PERSECUTED;

OR,

A BRAVE WOMAN'S TRIALS.

BY DR. CHARLES G. NORTHUP.

[This serial was commenced in No. 31. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsletters throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SECRET TOLD.

Mr. Thorne we are already acquainted with. The friend was a tall man, expensively dressed, yet wearing a profusion of jewels and bearing a striking resemblance to the Holt of previous mention, except that his whiskers were closely trimmed, and his heavy black hair was suffered to fall upon the left side of his forehead, almost into his eyes. His figure was without fault, and his face was handsome, while regular features and an expression which, though it might even repel one experienced in the intricate windsings of human nature, would be very likely to fascinate and deceive a young and especially a confiding soul.

At the announcement of the servant Jennie involuntarily turned toward the door. Her gaze fell upon the stranger, and in an instant she looked like one stricken by some terrible blow. The stranger seemed to have eyes for no one and nothing in the large room but her. "Cassie!" he cried, in deep, thrilling tones. She did not move or speak.

"Your husband, Mrs. Hastings?" Bert Thorne said. His words were unexceptionable, but a very devil of malice shone in his perfectly pale face.

"Hush!" said the other. "Let me speak for myself."

He then advanced toward her.

"Cassie, don't you know me?"

Still no word from the pale girl.

He dropped upon one knee, and lifting his white hand, blazing with diamonds, put back the heavy clustering hair, disclosing as he did so a cruel scar.

"Cassie, is it possible you have forgotten me?"

The snowy eyelids quivered, and she uttered a faint groan.

"Cassie," murmured the voice, which might have lured an angel to destruction, in accents of tender reproach, "is it thus you meet me after a separation of three long years? Have you not one word of welcome for me, my love, my wife?" and he clasped her cold fingers eagerly in his strong, warm palms.

His touch seemed to put new life into her palsied frame. She threw off his clasp as though it had been as light as a rose-leaf, and sprung from him into the middle of the large room. Here she paused, and stood erect and untroubled, supported by that strength that comes over to true womanhood in its hour of sore need, and seems divine. Her gray eye, no longer vacant, shone with startling brilliancy; her lips, no longer rigid, turned red as the scarlet bloom that stains the inner surface of the salvia's flowers; her bosom rose and fell with regular and easy respiration; nor did look or action now betoken the weakness which had at first overcome the.

"You see that man," she said, casting a rapid glance around the amazed circle; "you hear what he says—that I am his wife! It is true. Now hear my story—my secret!" and she turned to Mr. Trevor, "and judge between us as you will wish God to judge you in the terrible day that is yet to come!"

She stopped a moment. Not a sound disturbed the quiet of the place, not an eye turned from her beautiful face.

"Who I was," she continued, with a gesture of infinite pride, "it does not matter; I fastened a lasting disgrace upon the name I had borne when I linked myself with him! He was—you see what he is even now, after years of wickedness that would make the fairest face: I was a child—he knew how to deal with such; he coveted the wealth I inherited, and he married me. The day that saw me a wife saw me worse than an orphan; I had disgraced my parents by my choice, and they disowned me. Still I was content, for I loved him. When he found I had not brought the gold he sought for me, he became cold and harsh; then I found he was all the fears of my friends had suspected him of being—a gambler and a libertine! He took me away into a strange city; he forced me to labor of which I had hardly ever heard, and cursed me because I did it awkwardly; he left me for days alone without money; he beat, abused me with every vile name under heaven—still I lived with him. But when he tried to force me into sin; when he attempted to make my face a lure to draw thoughtless souls to destruction; when he hired one of the most elegant houses in New Orleans, and fitted it up with every luxury to tempt the senses, and decked out my wretched face and form in robes and jewels fit for a queen to draw wealthy and ignorant young men there that he might cheat them of their money at cards, then I rebelled—then I said God could not think it my duty to remain longer with so polluted a thing. It was there that I first met him whom you know as Bert Thorne, then going by the name of Leon de Frene. He was often at the accustomed place—often enough to remember my poor person and recognize three years after in the house of his sainted mother. It is he who has brought this new trouble of disclosure upon a weak, friendless woman whom heaven had so long and so

merely chastened. God may forgive the creature he has made for his wicked persecution of one who never harmed him, who would even have saved him from the toil into which he had fallen if she could; and if he does, I may—after I am beyond my dying day!

"When I found I could no longer, in conscience, stay with him whom the law had constituted my protector, I left him and came north, where I have since supported myself by my present employment under the assumed name of Jennie Bond. I have not spread my story abroad, because I did not think it concerned any one but myself; but a single conversation remained to my wretched life—that of hiding my woes from the curious eyes of the great unjust world!

"That is my history—that the secret I have tried so hard to keep. If my silence has been a sin against man, it has been an unintentional one; if against One higher than man, I will ask him that I may be forgiven—even as I have done to forgive!"

"But, whatever he is, he is not to be trifled with."

"I will, monsieur."

And, relinquishing Jennie's hand, the valet drew from the breast-pocket of his coat two unsealed letters. Glancing at the superscription, he opened one of them, and read:

PHILADELPHIA, May 18.—DEAR MURPHY.—It is the "Lady Maud" is to be sold for money, don't fail to get her for me. After trying what you can do in the matter of breaking down. Then, if you can't get her for me, sell her to me. Let me have her at as early a day as possible.

BERT THORNE.

"There's nothing to interest you in that, you will say," he quietly remarked.

"Now, listen once more." And unfolding the second letter, he again read:

PHILADELPHIA, May 18.—MY DEAR ISABELLA.—So that other plan of mine didn't work. Never mind, I've got one now. Keep up your courage, you may yet be mistress of Riverville for that month, a sum of money or more, and Bert shall be out of it.

TRULY,

"The character of the superscription on this letter is unlike that of the other, but its contents do not differ in that respect," said the valet, in the same unmoveable tone; "and it is addressed to Miss Isabella Hill, Riverville, near Philadelphia. You can examine for yourself, monsieur," and, stepping forward, he handed them to Mr. Trevor. "They came into my possession on the same evening in which I heard the conversation I have related."

"In the arch fiend's name, who are you?" cried Bert Thorne.

"I shall have great pleasure in showing monsieur. But, first, I have one more word of explanation to give." He turned to Mr. Trevor. "Some weeks ago, a paper was given you by the young lady to whom one of these letters is addressed, calculated to injure your estimation of her whom you know as Jennie Bond?"

"Yes."

"The paper was shown to her by this young lady, in your presence, and she betrayed great agitation."

"Yes."

"The reason of that was, because she thought she recognized in it the writing of her legal tyrant. She never had seen it before

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[August 22, 1874.]

WHEN UNDRESSED ADORED THE MOST.

BY MELVILLE CHADWICK.

My darling needs no jewels bright
To deck her broad or neck, or arm;
Those richly set tell lies, than aid such charm.
With pearls she's more than aids her grace,
Let others pearls and diamonds wear,
But hers is a transcendent grace—
A mind adorned with honor rare,
And kindness beaming to her face.

To herself the jewel lies,
Where heaven's gifts, professedly shod,
Are wreathed around her beauteous head,
Let others bairn in borrowed rays,
My love wears Nature's diadem;
She needs no ornamental glass—
Her heart outshines every gem!

Her lips are rubies, warm and light;
The shield of her white bosom is bright;
Her eyes are embers, sparkling bright,
With promise of a cloudless sky.
The opal, mingled with the rose,
Upon her cheek, is vanity dreams;
The sapphire with her hair shows,
Where Faith and Love share angel gleams.

Oh! if I might some jewel choose,
Then should the fairest charms should own
To make her every sweet refuse
And reign my home's queen alone.
But yet she hath a brother, one
Whose birthright is far more important—
The yearning of a soul divine,
The endear of a truthful heart.

THE EBONY CASKET;

OR,

The Raymond Inheritance.

BY BETT WINWOOD.

(This serial was commenced in No. 48. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MISERY.

It was nearly midnight when the newly-made husband and wife reached Shrublands.

However, long before the avenue gates were passed, Dora's neatly-gloved hand touched her companion's, and she said:

"Tell the driver, if he hears another carriage approaching, to draw back and remain in hiding, if possible, until it passes."

Philip gave vent to a low whistle.

"Why is that, my dear?"

"Never mind. You ought to know I do nothing without a reason. Please speak to the driver at once."

He did so, saying not another word.

The caution proved unnecessary, however. No rumble of other wheels than their own broke the deep stillness of the night; and Dora drew a long breath of relief when they had reached the house without encountering anybody.

Philip's cool assurance was marvellous. He helped his bride to alight, tucked her arm under his own, and led her up the steps.

"Here we are, my love," said he, airily, "home at last—your home and mine."

The words had a peculiar significance. Dora only closed her lips a trifle closer than they had been before. She comprehended, clearly enough, his object in speaking in that manner.

They entered the marble paved hall, where Mr. Raymond's pets were sleeping the sleep of the innocent in their gilded cages. Here, a dim light was burning upon a table of inland wood.

Philip glanced all round, smiling quizzically.

"My respected father-in-law's muse, um," said he, lightly. "I've heard of it."

He advanced towards the drawing-room door, and laid his hand on the knob.

"Not there," whispered Dora, suddenly drawing back. "Papa is in that room." I can hear his step crossing the floor.

"Humph! What then? We've got to fall at his feet, and crave his forgiveness, like dutiful children. Why not have it over, at once?"

Dora was trembling. Her face looked even ghastlier than it had in the church.

"Not now," she answered, faintly.

"I am not well enough to meet him now. Oh, come away!"

He yielded, smiling very graciously. The game was in his own hands, and he could afford to give up a point or two.

"Where, then, my charmer?"

She led him across the hall, into the library, which proved to be deserted, though a lamp still burned here as elsewhere.

Some sudden burst of emotion nearly overpowered her as she crossed the threshold. She had scarcely strength enough to totter into the nearest alcove, where a velvet couch was placed.

"I'm faint," she gasped.

Philip looked round the room for water or restoratives. He found only a vinaigrette upon the mantel. Dropping this into her lap, he asked, in a voice of real concern:

"Shall I ring for your maid?"

"No, no!"

She made a desperate effort to rally—to drive back that frightful pallor from her face.

It was partially successful. Heaving a deep sigh, she said, in a scarcely audible voice:

"I am better. Sit down. I shall be myself directly."

He smiled, drew nearer, and seated himself on the couch by her side.

"You see what a willing slave I am, Dora. I think we shall get on famously together, by and by."

"Oh, yes."

He shook her a swift, sidelong glance, as if something in the tone did not altogether please him.

"We will learn to love each other, and make a famous Darby and Joan."

"Oh, yes."

Still that same monosyllabic reply. Philip's brow contracted. An expression in his bride's whole face, a light in her burning eyes, struck him very unpleasantly.

She looked thoughtful—distressed. Was she weighing her own probable future?

"There is wine in the next room," she said, rising suddenly. "Remain here. I will fetch some for us both."

Philip offered to go, but she resolutely shook her head, and moved toward the door with a slow, languid step, as if she had suddenly grown old.

The handsome villain waited, with a smile upon his lips, and a bright flash in his eyes, for Dora's return. He had taken a hurried survey of the apartment he was in, meanwhile.

"Cosly books, statues, paintings: That must have cost a small fortune," he muttered. "Humph! Not so bad after all. Bernice may go to the—dickens. I wash my hands of her."

Dora came back at this instant, bring-

ing a tiny tray, on which were two glasses and a decanter.

Setting down the tray, she poured the wine herself with a steady hand.

"Drink!" and she presented a glass to Philip.

He took it, glanced wonderingly into her white face, as if its pallor puzzled him, then raised the glass to his lips.

"Your health, fair bride," he said gallantly. "May we live long and prosperous lives together."

For a breathless space Dora stood staring at him, fixed as stone, her breath almost gone. Then, crying out sharply, she sprang forward and dashed the glass to the floor.

"Poison!" she gasped. "For God's sake, don't drink it!"

Philip turned a shade paler. He glanced at Dora, then down at the shattered glass. A disagreeable smile curled his lip.

"What have you?" he said. "You are quite tragic."

Dora had thrown herself on the couch. She was crying hysterically. All her fitness had given way.

"I meant to kill you," she shuddered, answering his questioning look rather than the words. "I could not bear to think of the chains that bound me—kept me away from Jasper! Oh! forgive me, I was mad!"

"Humph! You were, indeed," muttered Philip, wickedly.

Then a silence fell. She raised herself after a little, and looked steadily into his dark and lowering face.

"I know of what you are thinking," and her voice sounded calm enough now.

You are mentally designating me a blood-thirsty wretch, in whose hands your life will always be endangered.

But you are wrong there. I hadn't the courage to murder you just now. I never should have; rest assured of that.

See, I submit. I shall struggle against fate no longer. I accept my destiny."

"It is well," he answered, between his teeth.

You still distrust me. You should not. You and I have need of each other. Let us not refuse to be friends. You can afford to forgive the freak of a mad moment, which was repented at once."

"Such freaks might cost me my life," Dora had not quailed under the angry menace of his regard. She did mean to deal honestly with him. It was best—the only safe way. Whatever fond dreams she had cherished—and we all dream more or less—could be given up. It is the way of the world—disappointment and heart-break. She must accept her share of the pain without a murmur.

A hasty step crossed the hall before another word was uttered. The door opened slowly, and Mr. Raymond came in.

He gave a start of well-simulated surprise on seeing who were the occupants of the room. Of course it was acting. He knew very well his daughter's scheme for substituting herself in Bernice's place when Layton came for her to be married that night. But he did not know how it had resulted. He had no suspicion of treachery on the other side.

Dora was sitting in the drawing-room when he drove up, and saw him from the window.

She ran out into the hall, where Mr. Raymond was feeding his pets with bonbons. "Papa," she cried, in a hurried voice, "Mr. Lasalle has come!"

Mr. Raymond bit his lip.

"What can he be wanting here?" he said, though he knew very well. "I hope he does not intend returning your visit."

"He has come to see Bernice," Dora answered, sharply. "I don't see what you will tell him. I warn you to be careful, for you are saying?"

"Perfectly. I've seen the way your heart was going, all the while. Perhaps you were not to blame—I do not say you were. Love is a mystery. No matter. I wish you joy with Bernice—when you get her."

With a strange, proud smile upon her lips, she turned slowly away.

Jasper ran after her. He caught her hand, clasping it tightly in his own.

"Dora," he cried, "what do you mean by this outbreak. Do you think I have by you?"

Mr. Raymond hit his lip.

"What can he be wanting here?" he said, though he knew very well. "I hope he does not intend returning your visit."

"Gladly," Dora swung round, and ran up the stairs. "I can't see him," she called back, "and I won't, unless it is absolutely necessary."

Mr. Raymond kept on with his work, softly humming an operatic air as he did so. When the bell rang, he answered the summons himself, instead of waiting for a servant.

"Delighted!" he exclaimed, holding out his hand to the tall, quivering figure on the steps. "Let me welcome you to Shrublands again; I do hope you are coming to stay."

An irrepressible cry broke from Jasper's lips. He still looked a ghost, and his strong hands trembled.

"Philip's wife?" he echoed. "I know better! You are playing with me—perhaps mean to punish me for daring to love another woman. Philip does not know you."

He seemed perfectly incredible. Jasper did not, could not believe her strange story.

"Ask him!" she said, sneering. "Ask your handsome brother. I do not think he will deny me."

Snatching her fingers from his clasp, she moved towards the door again. With her hand to the knob, she glanced back to say haughtily:

"I suppose you will now be frantic to see Bernice, and tell her the good news. It is the way with lovers. But you must be patient. She is not here. She has gone away with mamma to visit some friends. Adieu. It will do you no good to come to Shrublands again for a week. At the end of that time, I suppose Bernice will be here to receive you with open arms."

Then abruptly she left him, offering no explanation other than we have recorded, giving no words of comfort.

Jasper stood stunned, bewildered, for many minutes. At last, like one walking in a dream, he went slowly from the room.

Patty Flint was in the hall, cleaning the cages. She glanced up at Jasper as he passed, in a sly, malicious way, that was enough to freeze one's blood. But she did not speak, though chuckling audibly.

Down the steps, into the cool, balmy air, walked the young man. At some distance from the house he turned to look back. As he did so, a woman's face was drawn quickly back from an upper window.

He saw it distinctly for a moment. Did he dream? Or was it really the face of Mrs. Raymond?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GERTRUDE.

BY R. H. P.

Gertrude became blind while so young that when she reached womanhood she possessed no recollection of visible forms. But the beneficent laws of compensation rendered her remaining sense doubly active. This is a beautiful provision of Nature. Blessed with affluent friends, who spared no pains in educating her, she was adorned with all the female accomplishments. She was a musician, an author and an elocutionist. As the latter she had but few superiors. Her favorite recitation was Addison's "Immortality of the Soul"; none who ever heard it could forget that shower of eloquence.

Gertrude, indeed, with one exception, possessed all that is essential to happiness. Another such a lovely face I never saw; there was an angelic expression beaming from those clouded orbs, and every filament was stamped with beauty. With the eye of remembrance I still see her, as once she stood before her window weeping over her unfortunate lot. The sun then bursting from his curtain of clouds, warmed and illuminated her cheek. She threw back her curls, and lo! the teardrops glittered. She then knelt and praised God for all his mercies. She prayed for the time when she might see the beauties of the better land, and back in the fields of uncreated light. The sinless girl arose with a smile of resignation, and sitting down before her piano, played one of those sweet melodies so soothing to the soul of the weary.

Before that year was past a skillful oculist removed the white film from her eyes, leaving her in a darkened chamber with instructions for a gradual admission of light. Her heart now beat high with hope. She soon distinguished objects in the room. But when she first beheld her father, mother and sister, her joy was without bounds; what love, happiness and gratitude!

"My dear Dora," said he, "it seems an age since I saw you the last time—three whole days, is it not?"

She silently motioned him to a seat. His tone nettled her. It said, quite as blandly as words could have done, that he had no real love for her, and found it quite difficult to keep up the farce.

"I suppose you have been pining for my society," she said, bitterly, after a brief silence. "You could not have existed any longer without seeing me?"

He colored. "At least I am glad to meet you again."

"Bah! I'm glad you did not lie to me. I should have ceased to respect you, if you had."

Jasper stared at her. That cold, hard face perplexed him. He could not guess what a Vesuvius of passion was hidden underneath it.

"Your visit was really to Bernice Vance—not to me," she went on, haughtily. "Attempt no denial. I can bear the truth, if I am your betrothed wife."

The young man's face grew purple, and then blanched to ghastly whiteness.

"Dora," said he, coldly, "are you aware what you are saying?"

"Perfectly. I've seen the way your heart was going, all the while. Perhaps you were not to blame—I do not say you were. Love is a mystery. No matter. I wish you joy with Bernice—when you get her."

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"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



(Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editor," SATURDAY EVENING POST.)

"They say" that the rage for simplicity is on the increase, at least in Paris. We must own that the symptoms are not very decided here. There is, however, less of the fantastic or bizarre to be seen in toilets than has been the case for some time. With the last schools of the numerous "Boston Tea Parties," so popular in the early spring, are dying out the fancies for Martha Washington, and other "76" costumes. In fact, our fair belles found that the effect of such were considerably lost, when worn over the scant petticoats of this period—for, say as they will, the reign of crinoline is over—for a time, at least. Nothing approaching to it is worn by la crème de la crème, but a short and modestly proportioned bustle. This last is absolutely necessary for persons of a tall and slender frame.

A comfortable report reaches us from over the water of the revival of black alpaca suits for walking costume. Of course, for this season, it must be of the lightest and silkiest brand. We noticed one, which had been sent in a late order from Paris, made in the following style: The skirt was short enough to reveal the bustos in front, though not as short as the walking dresses of two or three years back. Behind it was slightly trailing. The trimming of the skirt was peculiar, all being confined to the front breadth. The three front widths were covered as far as the knee, by alternate rows of folds and knife-edged platings, arranged in curves. The overskirt was simply a large apron, trimmed as the skirt, and looped in folds under the arm, ending at the back in a large double bow of the material. The waist was a short, loose, double-breasted saucé, fitting slightly into the figure at the neck, trimmed with folds, and oxidized buttons, and a small hood, of the baschile shape, so popular a few years ago. Bows of black faille ribbon were placed down this hood.

White muslin still retains its deserved popularity for dresses for evening wear, and also for trimming the flounces and overskirts of light summer silks. When used for this latter purpose, a rufflet of the muslin, or sleeveless jacket, is made and worn to complete the toilet. Sometimes aprons are made of the Soie or Frenchmuslins, very elaborately trimmed with lace and embroidery, and, with the felt or sleeveless jacket, form a very pretty overdress.

A very stylish and new way of trimming underskirts is described in this manner: A flounce, six inches in depth in front, is placed on, in pleats, given in a cluster, and a space equal in width to the cluster intervenes. The flounce widens on each side of the front breadth to a depth of twelve inches, then it decreases as it reaches the back-breasts until it reaches the same depth as that of the front. Above this flounce are three small gathered ones, then three ruches. An apron overskirt and basque waist complete the suit.

There is a marked difference in the dress of young girls of fourteen, and thereabouts, in France, and of those of a like age in this country. Here, you will find the daughter, just entering her teens, a model—less in size, but not in multiplicity of ornamentation—of her mamma. If mamma's dress is a series of folds, flounces, embroidery, and what not, so must be the daughter's. Not so abroad. The severest simplicity marks the costumes of the "roublards" there, in the first stages of unfolding. Plain skirts, or, if trimmed at all, only with folds and bands, or, perhaps, one modest blouse.

We must confess to an admiration of French taste in this particular, even while we cannot cordially endorse it in other matters. Dress, certainly, has marked effect in influencing manner, especially in very young people; and the charming simplicity and plainness of the gait of the French maiden doubtless assists in producing that artless naïveté, and freedom from affectation, which is said to be so pre-eminently the charm of her manner. We must, however, take into consideration the fact, also, that French girls in their teens are never in society, at least, before seventeen or eighteen, and then jealously hedged in and guarded by immeasurable prejudices—"les convenances," while two-thirds of our American society is composed of these half-opened buds.

We saw some lovely suits for the little maidens of from five or six, the other day. Some were from Berlin, and others from Paris. All were made to wear with dainty little underwaists, high-necked, of soft finish. Nauzeck. One of these latter was made with alternate clusters of tucks, three in number, the eighth of an inch in width, and bands of Valençaise inserting. A standing ruche of the Valençaise lace edged the neck, and a pleating of the same finished the sleeves. The dresses were all made with the peasant-body, very short and low in the neck, with embroidered or braided straps—as might be the skirt trimming—going over the shoulders in place of sleeves. The skirt—the lower one—was trimmed with pieces of wide broderie Anglaise, set in the broads and braided around, or, to be more explicit, a braided line surrounds these pieces. The dainty little overskirts were, for the most part, cut of a piece with the little peasant waist, and were finished with bags of embroidery back and front, and the cunning little amourette pocket, of the material, braided and embroidered. The material of the dress just described was fine carded pique. A wide sash of blue gros grain, and a Leibnitz flat, with broad brim, and a wreath of wild roses encircling the low crown, accompanied this little costume. Imagine the sweet little blossom who wore it, with her round, rosy face, peeping out fragrantly the flat, and her golden hair floating over her plump, white shoulders—she could only be named "Mamie."

To return to items for grown people, we noticed among the novelty gaiety of tortoise shell, in plates overlapping each other, the whole finished with an elaborate buckle of the same, handsomely gilded. A combination of the shell decorated the belt.

Two morning-gown and dressing-gown, the colors and motifs of colored flannel. One, dark blue; the other—just the opposite. Openings, too, with buttons to match the color of the flannel. Buttons of pink coral are used with the pink lining—turquoise with the blue, etc.

Next time we expect to have certain very interesting items to chronicle—something quite new in the fashionable world.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss M. H.—The blue or steel embroidery referred to in the fashion gossip is being much worn. You were quite safe in purchasing the polonaise; you can wear it late in the season.

Miss A. M.—The "fall opening," as it is termed, does not take place before September or October, even, when all the world has come back from the watering-places and summer trips generally.

INVALID.—Yes; the warm salt baths at Atlantic City are all they are represented to be, and are considered highly beneficial. You could spend the month of August there, as your physician has advised, and find it very agreeable, we are sure. Hope your recovery may be rapid and complete; it is no sad to be ailing.

WINN.—Thanks for your kind letter. No, it is not considered "the thing," for a lady to wear either white or a bridal veil at the ceremony of her second marriage. A pearl-colored or tea rose shade of silk would be more appropriate, unless you choose to marry in traveling costume. Will be most happy to receive your order for shipping.

LOTTE.—It is in great tribulation because your eyebrows meet. Poor child! you may never have anything more distressing to mar your happiness. Certainly you can pluck out, with much unnecessary suffering, too, we think, that objectionable little arch of hair that crosses your pretty little nose, but we can tell you of no remedy that will prevent its growing back again and again. Better let it alone and console yourself with the idea that in former days it was considered very lucky.

MOTHER wishes to know how to make little Anne's hair curl without the use of irons, as she is afraid the latter will burn the hair and injure it. We think you are very wise to avoid the use of irons. We do not know of any method besides putting up the hair in papers, which, however, is such an affliction to an active, restless little creature, it does seem a pity to torture the child. Why not let her wear it crepe and flowing? That could easily be managed, by plaiting tightly at night, in small braids, first dampening the hair.

And now, *au revoir* for the present,

NINON.

LIFE ON THE LONE CONTINENT.

AMONG THE VAMPIRES.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

A convict ship was hourly expected to arrive, and some disarrangements having occurred, Lieutenant L. B. Baxter and myself were ordered to carry dispatches from our post to Station B, farther back from the coast.

We started off in excellent spirits, and had all our route laid thus in company, we should have enjoyed ourselves much. The amazons were flourishing their magnificent foliage; the gum-trees waved their narrow, rubber-like leaves in the playful breeze, and uncertain wreaths of sandal-wood saluted our delighted nostrils. But we could not forget that after a time these beautiful pictures, done in nature's best water-colors, would give place to sterile plains and the low, dangerous "bush" districts.

When we should reach a certain point, marked by the debris of an old stockade, I was to go southward through a still more dangerous country, while Baxter, swinging northwardly, would find a more open, but equally hazardous route.

By the middle of the afternoon, however, we expected to make a connection at Station B, and from thence return to our post in company. The horses which we rode were bred from the untrained steeds of the Lone Continent, and were possessed of clean, small limbs and an amount of viciousness and wild that would astonish nine-tenths of mankind. So, having an early start, we expected to do the eighty odd miles, out and back, and hardly be late at roll-call at bed-time.

At the prescribed place we turned our animals in opposite directions, without a hope of enjoying ourselves further on the journey.

I arrived in due season at the station, found Colonel P. K. Howe off on official business, and awaited his return with impatience, as my directions were to place the papers in his hands only, instead of trust to a subaltern.

Colonel Howe arrived in good season, but the middle and the late afternoon passed and the Lieutenant had not put in his appearance, and my duties being imperative to return at the earliest possible moment, with many unpleasant sensations I started off.

I was about leaving a tract of "bush" when the sun dipped below the horizon. I had traversed about one-third of the route, and was about to enter a belt of woodland, heavily leaved and densely shadowed. A shout of demoniac glee suddenly brought me to a standstill, with every nerve tingling like a red-hot wire in the flesh, although at the moment I knew it to be the laughing jester that infests the country with festive glee; but, somehow, its unearthly crack never before gave me so disagreeable a feeling.

I spurred through to the other edge of the belt, and beheld him, to my start of me, and your wider waist, and were finished with bags of embroidery back and front, and the cunning little amourette pocket, of the material, braided and embroidered. The material of the dress just described was fine carded pique. A wide sash of blue gros grain, and a Leibnitz flat, with broad brim, and a wreath of wild roses encircling the low crown, accompanied this little costume. Imagine the sweet little blossom who wore it, with her round, rosy face, peeping out fragrantly the flat, and her golden hair floating over her plump, white shoulders—she could only be named "Mamie."

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Many who tell us how much they despise riches and preferment, mean undoubtedly the riches and preferment of other men.

The world of conscience is no scar; time heals it not with his wing, but merely keeps it open with his scythe.

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WINN.—Thanks for your kind letter. No, it is not considered "the thing," for a lady to wear either white or a bridal veil at the ceremony of her second marriage. A pearl-colored or tea rose shade of silk would be more appropriate, unless you choose to marry in traveling costume. Will be most happy to receive your order for shipping.

LOTTE.—It is in great tribulation because your eyebrows meet. Poor child!

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